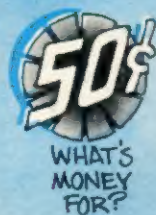




YELLOW

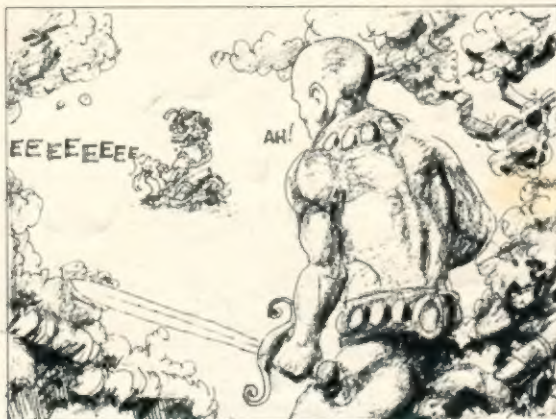
ADULT
HUMANS
ONLY
NO DOGS
ALLOWED!



...GET A NEW LEASH ON LIFE!



THE PARTNERS



End

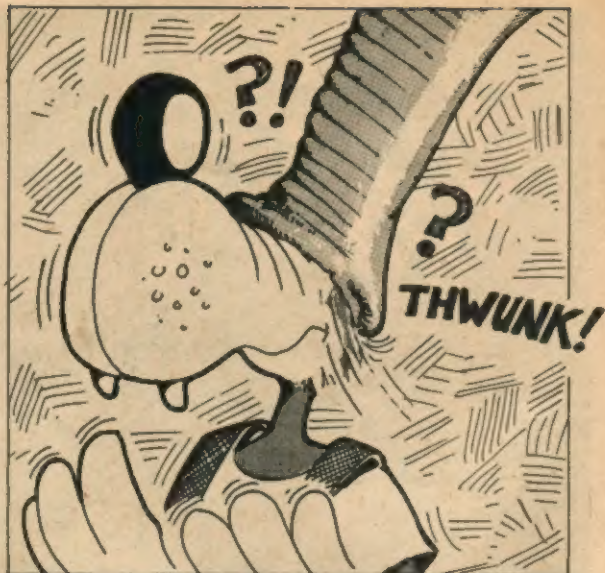
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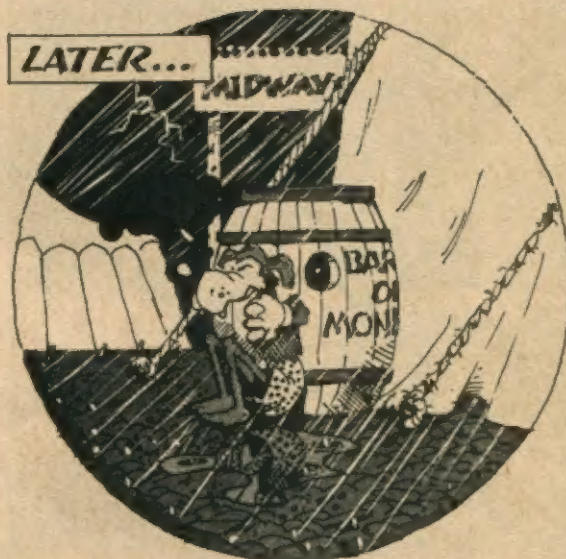
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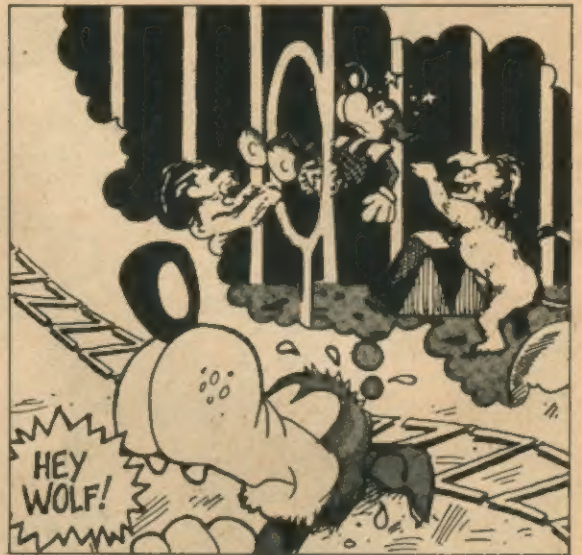
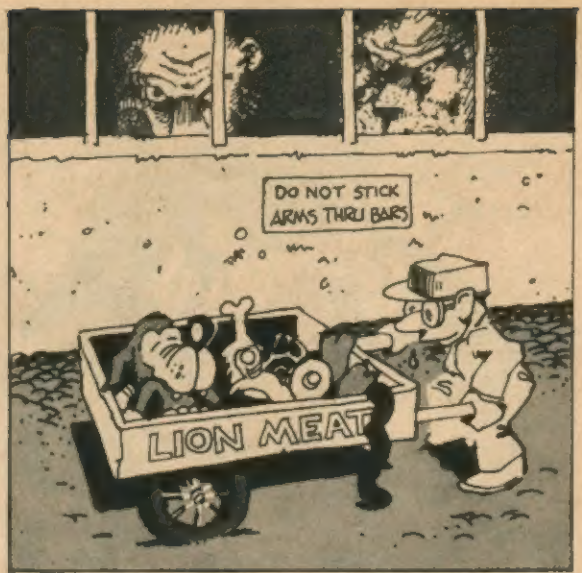
"ANIMAL CRAZY" 99



Handwritten signature: *Handwritten signature*



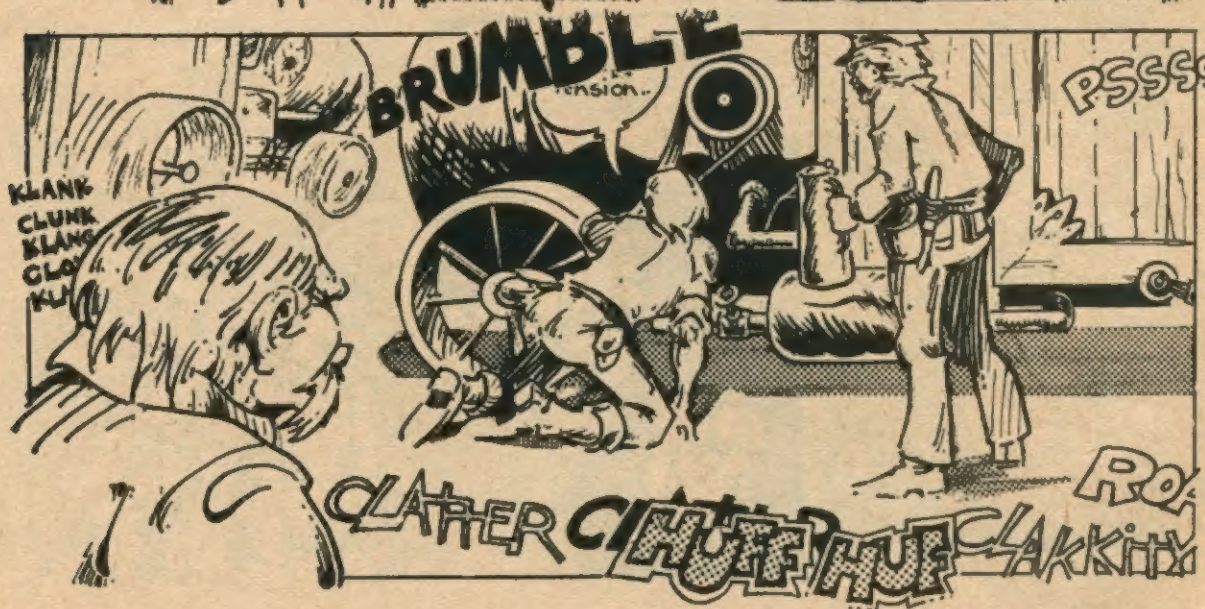
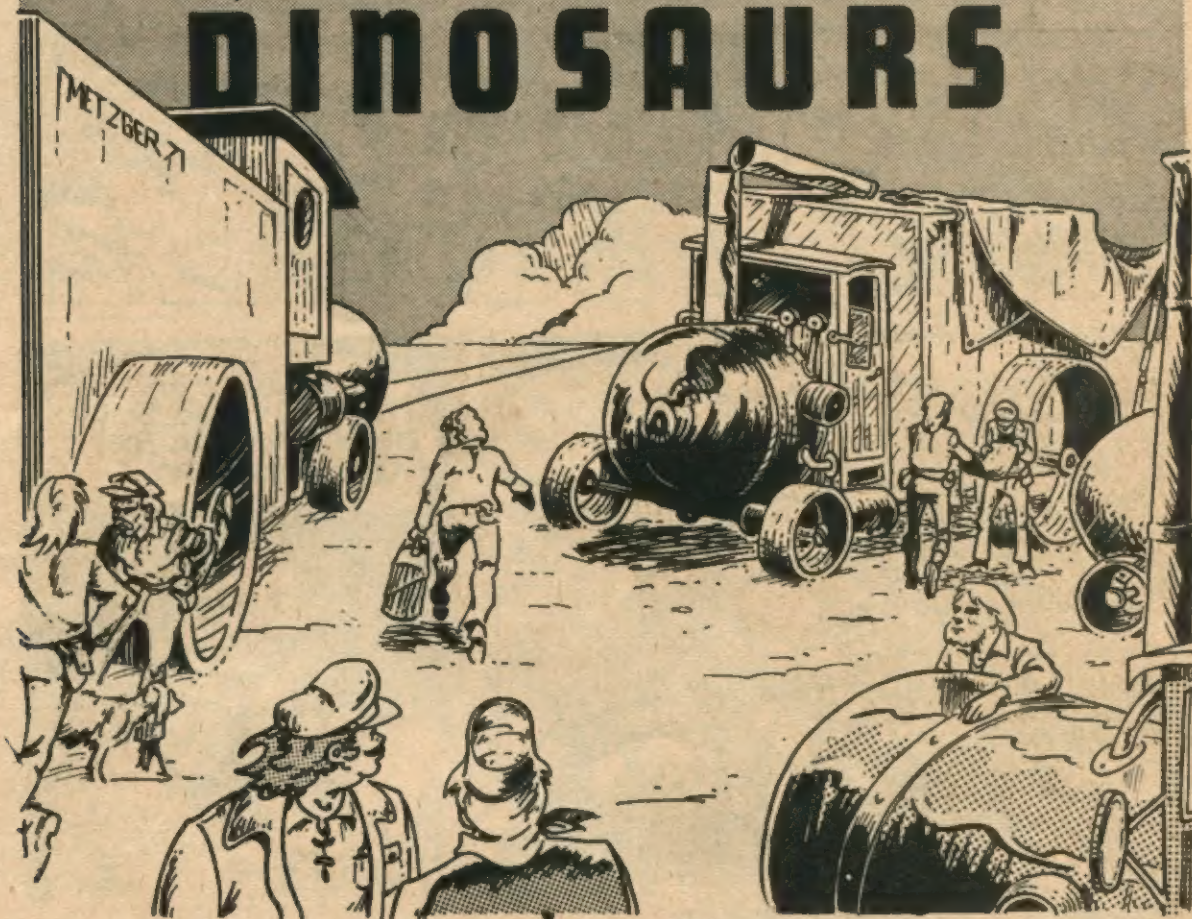


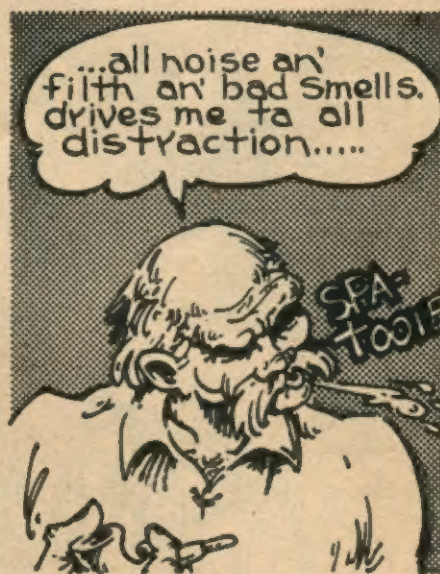


ENDSVILLE...

the time of the Phoenix: Civilization up from the ashes.... A town of wood and stone buildings clusters about a roadway running horizon to horizon. Grouped together at the edge are the steam machines. Belching smoke, clattering and clanking among themselves they are like some leviathans from the Dawn, great metal, mechanical...

DINOSAURS







yep—they all had machines then; for everything. jes' plain fucked up the place.



{ transportation means trade — from how far away do you think that weed y'r smellin' up the air with came? }



filthy habit! never'd a took it up iffin there wasn't trade.



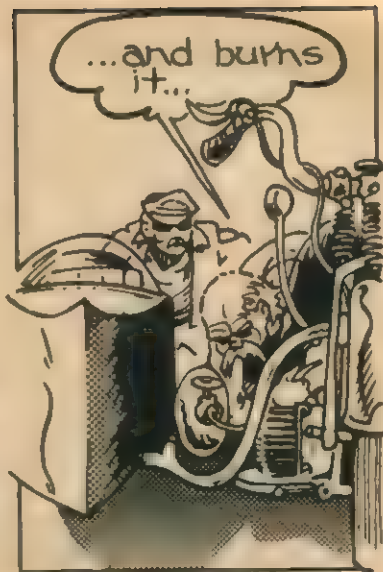
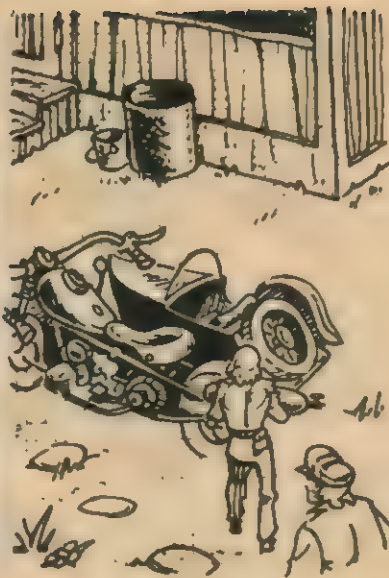
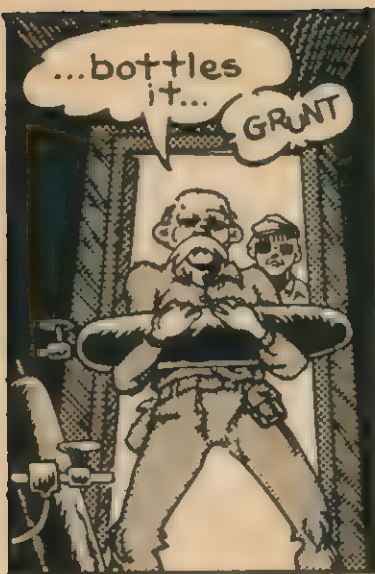
Machines—noise, foul stuff in the air! it was a way of life once before: of a Ruined World...



now yer doin' it all over agin'....

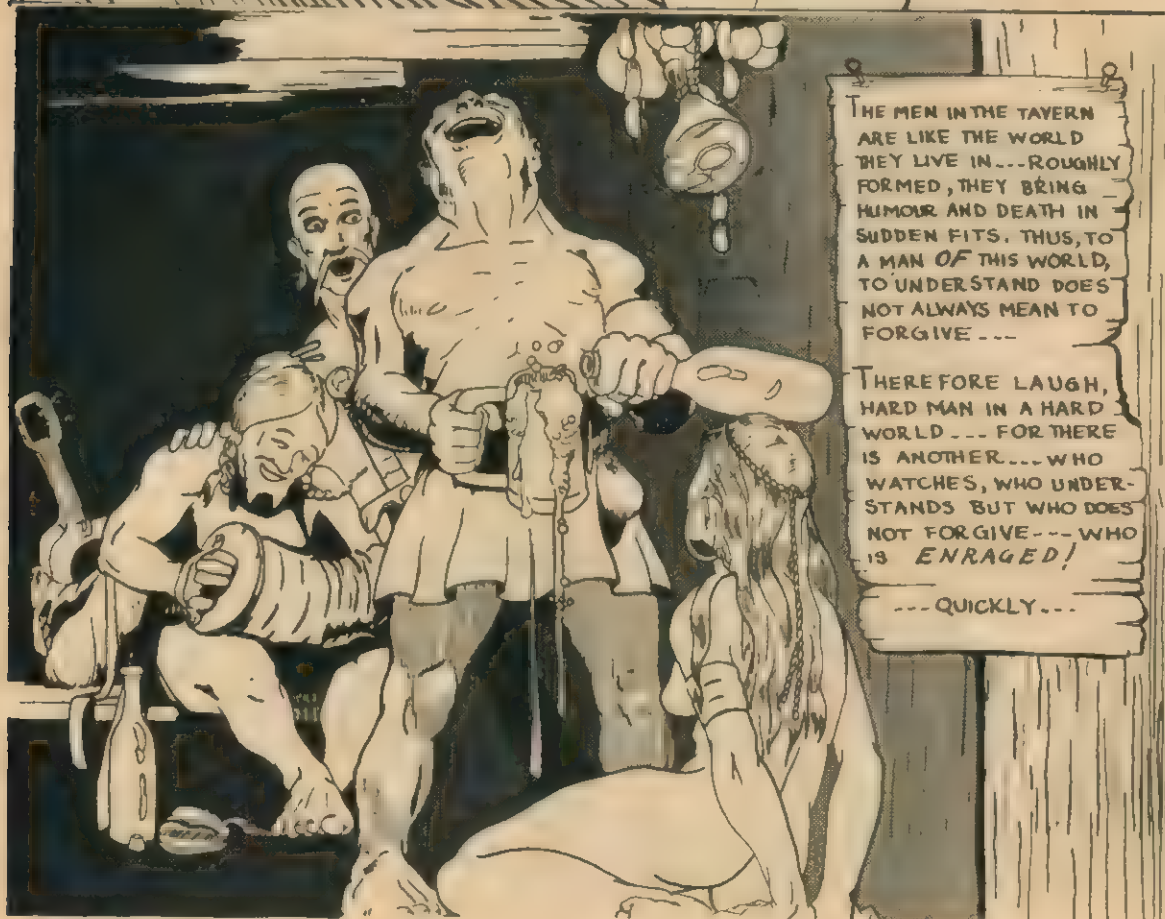






OUTSIDE THE OLD TAVERN SLEET-WINDS BLOW FROM WEIR-WOOD AND MEN ARE DYING IN THE SNOWS... BUT THE WARMTH IS STEAMY AND THE SINGING LOUD INSIDE... WHERE A CLOAKED GIRL FETCHES A TANKARD FOR HER HOODED TRAVELING COMPANION. AND A BRAWNY, REELING LOU LOU GRABS HER THIN ROBE, PULLS SUDDENLY, AND LEERS.... HEAR, FRIEND, OF A LAND, A TIME AND OF A MAN CALLED ---

CAIN!



THE MEN IN THE TAVERN ARE LIKE THE WORLD THEY LIVE IN... ROUGHLY FORMED, THEY BRING HUMOUR AND DEATH IN SUDDEN FITS. THUS, TO A MAN OF THIS WORLD, TO UNDERSTAND DOES NOT ALWAYS MEAN TO FORGIVE...

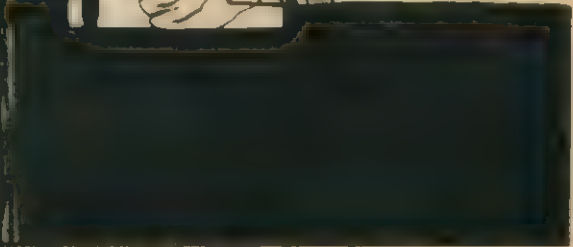
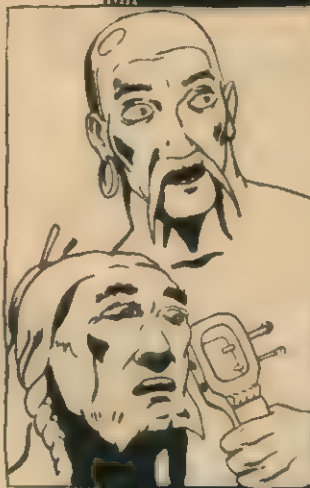
THEREFORE LAUGH, HARD MAN IN A HARD WORLD... FOR THERE IS ANOTHER... WHO WATCHES, WHO UNDERSTANDS BUT WHO DOES NOT FORGIVE... WHO IS ENRAGED!

--- QUICKLY ---



WHAT HE SAID IS NOT IM-
PORTANT... BUT THEY SAY,
FRIEND, HIS VOICE HAD
ECHOES IN IT... OF THE
SCREAMS MEN MADE
WHEN HIS SCARS WERE
BORN... MEN WHO SAW
THEIR OWN LIFE'S BLOOD
RUNNING TOO FAR... TOO
FAST...

HE WAS CAIN... AND
HIS CRY WAS FOLLOWED
BY A SILENCE---



A NUMBING
SILENCE...
THAT BRINGS
AN AGING
BEGGER, BLIND
FOR MANY
YEARS, CREEPING
FROM HIS
CORNER IN
SHAKY INQUIRY...



THREATENED,
THE MAN LIFTS HIS
BOTTLE IN SEEMINGLY
RECKLESS UNCONCERN
AS PLANS FLICKER RAPIDLY IN HIS DARK
MIND... AFTER ALL, HE IS STRONG, QUICK
AND CUNNING... AND HE HAS KILLED MEN
IN TAVERNS BEFORE...



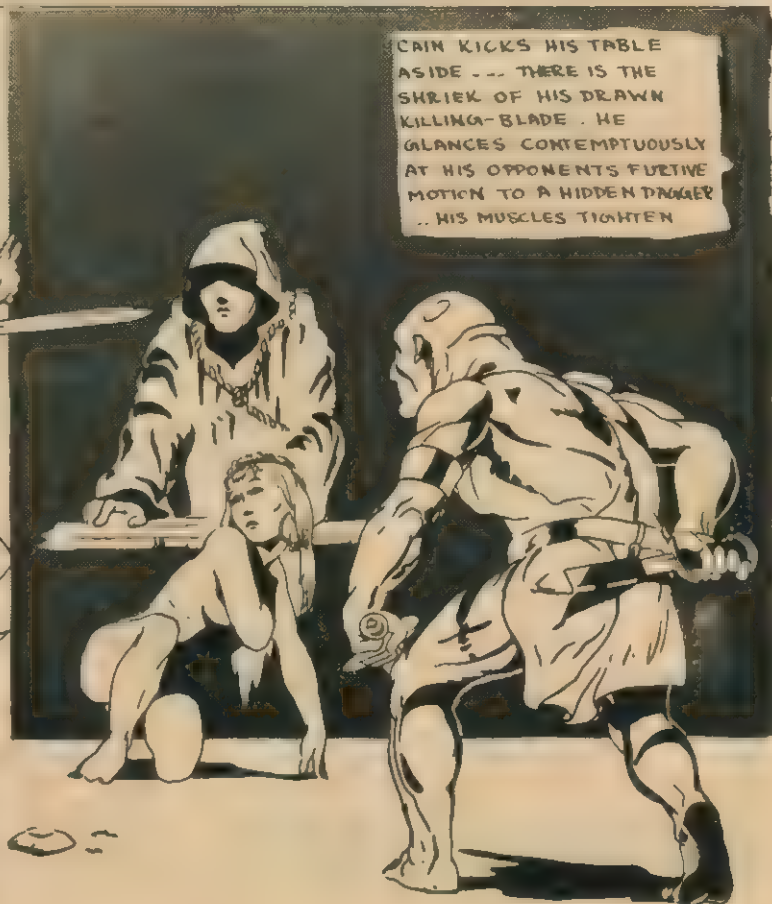


... AND THEN, IF YOUR
SQUALID GODS FAVOR,
YOU CAN... WAIT!
YOU ARE FAST, BUT
HE IS FRIGHTENINGLY
FASTER! A SHARLING,
BLURRING MOVEMENT...



THEN DO NOT SWALLOW THE SOUR
WINE... BUT SPIT TO BLIND---

... AND A HURTLING BOTTLE ENDS
THE MISGUIDED TRICK. WHAT NOW, O'
PLOTTER? DRAW YOUR SWORD BOLDLY,
BUT SNEAKILY SNEAK YOUR DAGGER...



CAIN KICKS HIS TABLE
ASIDE --- THERE IS THE
SHRIEK OF HIS DRAWN
KILLING-BLADE. HE
GLANCES CONTEMPTUOUSLY
AT HIS OPPONENTS FURTIVE
MOTION TO A HIDDEN DAGGER
... HIS MUSCLES TIGHTEN



...TO ATTACK! A TWO-
HANDED UPWARD LUNGE
THAT LIFTS HIS ADVERSARY
FROM THE GROUND
LEAVES CAIN'S WEAPON
LODGED BETWEEN SHATTERED
STERNUM AND SHOULDER BLADE

TERMINATING THE BRAWLER'S FINAL, STUPID, RUSE;
RUPTURED LUNGS STOP BREATHING ---
A CRUSHED HEART STOPS BEATING --- AND A
HARD MAN FALLS SLOWLY, TUMBLES
SOFTLY, WITH SHOCKED, UNCOMPREHENDING
EYES, TO THE HARD EARTH.

KNOW FURTHER FRIEND, THAT AFTER HIS BATTLE
THE MAN CALLED CAIN FOUND THE CURVESOME
CAUSE OF IT ALL INTRODUCING HERSELF
THUSLY; "I AM THE WITCH, OURYSME" SHE
SAID "AND THIS," SHE ADDED, INDICATING THE
STRANGE HOODED FIGURE WHO ACCOMPANIED
HER, "IS MY GOOD FRIEND" UPON THAT SHE
RELATED TO CAIN A TALE, WIERD AND GROTESQUE..

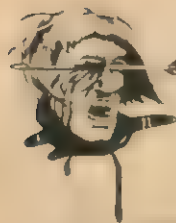




"SEVERAL SEASONS AGO", SHE BEGAN, "A WITCH, CLOSE TO MY SISTER HOOD AND ALSO A FRIEND TO ME, WAS IN LOVE WITH A FAIR AND SMILING YOUTH, NAMED GEMI. MY FRIEND, WHO IS NAMED NI-FLOOS, SPENT ALL OF HER HOURS WITH GEMI, WALKING HERE AND THERE AND SOMETIMES WALKING NOWHERE AT ALL, ONLY STROLLING, LAUGHING AND MURMURING TO ONE ANOTHER ---



"BUT ONE DAY THEY FOUND THEY HAD WANDERED FAR FROM HOME. INITIALLY, THEY ENJOYED THE PROSPECT OF BEING LOST, THINKING IT AN ADVENTURE. THE FIRST SIGN THAT AUGHT WAS AMISS WAS A SOUND GEMI HEARD FROM A HILL THEY WERE PASSING... THEN THEY WERE ATTACKED, SUDDENLY AND VICIOUSLY...



"IT WAS A STRANGE WARRIOR WHO RAINED ARROWS UPON THEM. THEY SOUGHT TO ESCAPE, BUT A FREAK ARROW STRUCK GEMI IN THE FACE, PUTTING OUT BOTH HIS EYES. THE WARRIOR SIEZED NI FLOOS AND BORE HER OFF, BUT NOT BEFORE SHE PLACED A SPELL ON GEMI THAT GAVE HIM STRENGTH TO LIVE ---



THE SPELL ALSO AIDED HIM IN FINDING HIS WAY HOME, I THINK, FOR IT WAS OUTSIDE MY CAVE-CABIN THAT I FOUND HIM INCOHERENT AND WANDERING IN THE NIGHT... I BROUGHT HIM INSIDE AND ALTHOUGH HIS WOUND WAS GHASTLY AND NORMALLY MORTAL ---



"I MANAGED BY MEANS OF MEDICAL ENSORCELEMENTS AND ELIXIRS TO HEAL HIM... AT LEAST, AFTER A FASHION... SUFFICE IT ENOUGH TO SAY THAT HE HAS SURVIVED ---



"INDEED, SEE FOR YOURSELF... THIS IS GEMI NOW... WE HAVE SINCE DISCOVERED THE ATTACKER TO BE FROM THE CASTLE VOGELSBANG;



VOGELSBANG IS A DARK PLACE, AND AWFUL... BUT I HAVE JUST SEEN THAT YOU ARE BOTH STRONG AND COURAGEOUS...

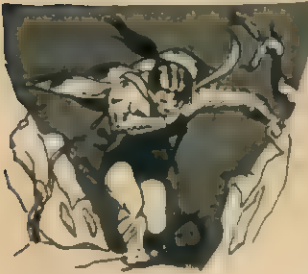


SO I BESECH YOU, PLEASE, HELP US FIND NI-FLOOS." CAIN PAUSED NOT A MOMENT, "COME THEN" HE RUMBLED... AND THE WITCH OURYSME SHUDDERED AT THIS BROODING GIANT... THIS CAIN.



~AND THE THREE EMBARKED INTO THE BITTER COLD OF WINTER'S END ~~~ WITH OURYSME EXPLAINING HOW THE DARK LORDS OF VOGELSAAG, IN SYNCHRONIZATION WITH THE SEASONS, LEFT THEIR CASTLE FOUR TIMES EACH YEAR IN WILD PILGRIMAGE TO STRANGE LATITUDES THAT, SO WHISPERED TALES RAN, THEY MIGHT HOLD GHASTLY CONCLAVE WITH OTHERS OF THEIR KIND WHO, LIKE THEM, JOURNEYED FROM CHARNEL LANDS TO MEET IN A GRISLY CONVOCATION THE WHAT-NESS OF WHICH NO MAN KNEW NOR DARED GUESS.

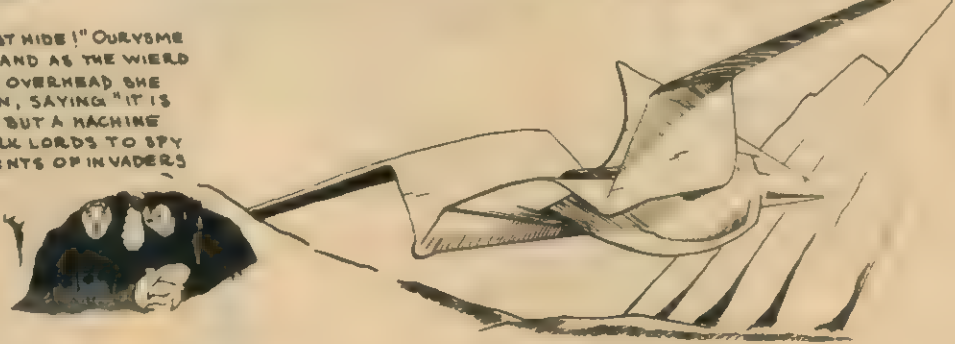
THROUGH FROST FORESTS AND ACROSS ICE-PLAINS THEY WENT UNTIL AT LAST ~~~



~~~ ON WINTER'S-END-DAY, THE THREE MADE THEIR WAY OVER THE MOUNTAINS THAT RING VOGELSAAG VALLEY. SUDDENLY CAIN SHOUTS ~~~ POINTING, HE EXCLAIMS "LOOK! A GREAT FLYING LIZARD! I'VE HEARD THEY HAUNT THESE CLIFFS..."



"QUICKLY, WE MUST HIDE!" OURYSME INTERRUPTS ~~~ AND AS THE WILD THING WHISTLES OVERHEAD SHE RESTRAINS CAIN, SAYING "IT IS NOT AN ANIMAL BUT A MACHINE SET BY THE DARK LORDS TO SPY OUT THE MOVEMENTS OF INVADERS OF THEIR REALM.



UNUSED TO FLEEING MAN OR MECHANISM, A MUCH DISGUNTLED CAIN SHAKES HIS FIST AT THE SPECTRAL MACHINE, VOWING TO ONE DAY RID THE MOUNTAINS OF ITS FLITTING HAUNTS. BUT THE INCIDENT IS NOT WITHOUT VALUE, FOR OURYSME SAYS; "THAT SHIP WAS UNPILOTED, INDICATING VOGELSAAG'S MASTERS ARE STILL ABSENT WE CAN EXPECT TO FIND NI-PLOOS CAPTIVE IN A CLIFF-CELL AND NOT, THANK THE GODS, IN THE CASTLE ITSELF. HER GUARDS," SHE GLANCES AT GEMI AS IF FOR CONFIRMATION, "WILL HAVE KEYS TO OPERATE THE CELL-LOCKS "CAIN REGARDS HER SUSPICIOUSLY, "HOW WILL WE FIND THIS CLIFF-CELL?" "GEMI WILL LEAD US TO IT "RESPONDS OURYSME "A BLIND MAN!?" PROTESTS CAIN ~~~ "YES~ WITH THE AID THAT NI-PLOOS CAN GIVE HIM ~~~ BUT WAIT O' CAIN ~~~ BE PATIENT BUT A BIT LONGER AND IF WE ARE SUCCESSFUL MANY THINGS WILL BECOME CLEAR," REJOINS THE WITCH



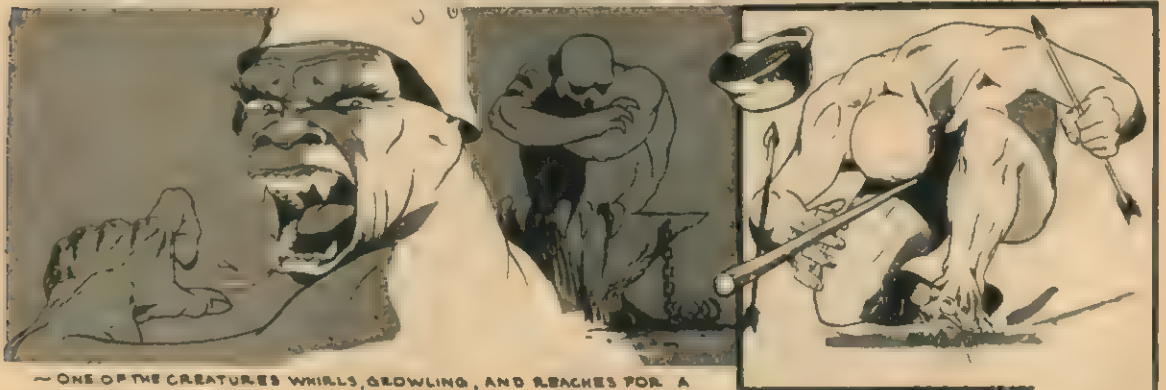


SOON THE THREE STAND BEFORE THE LEANING MENHIRS THAT, CARVED WITH SYMBOLS OF ANCIENT SORCERY AND FOULNESS, MARKED VOGEL'S BARK BORDERS. GEM, AS PREDICTED, LED THE WAY WITH APPARENT CERTAINTY AS AN AMAZED CAIN LOOKED ON THEIR WAY LED THEM PAST REeking WELLS AND MASSIVE ANTHROPO-MORPHIC MONOLITHS UNTIL CAIN SPIED A REDLY FLICKERING LIGHT AHEAD ---



CAIN STARED, AGHAST---

--- BEFORE THEM TWO GHOULISH WARRIORS SQUATTED AT A CANNIBAL FEAST --- "THOSE ARE THE GUARDS!" ADVISES OUR YEM. CAIN NODS AND PREPARES FOR ATTACK. HE SHARPENS A STAFF TO FORM A CRUDE SPEAR, FINDS A VANTAGE POINT IN THE DARKNESS AND CHOOSES HIS TARGET --- BUT SUDDENLY ---



~ ONE OF THE CREATURES WHIRLS, GROWLING, AND REACHES FOR A CROSS BOW --- BUT TOO LATE! THE SURVIVOR HEFTS AN AXE AND ADVANCES TOWARDS THE DEADLY SHADOWS ---

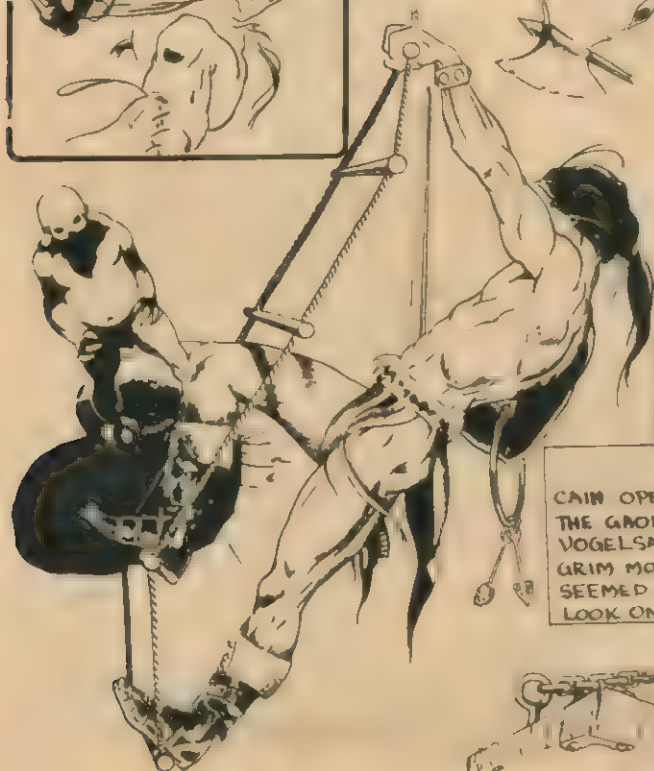




AS THE REMAINING  
GHOUL APPROACHED  
THE VANTAGE  
POINT FROM WHICH  
CAIN HAD HURLED  
HIS SPEAR, IT  
GIBBERED AND  
EXUDED AN  
AWFUL STENCH  
... BUT IT  
WAS ONLY A  
CHILD OF THE  
NIGHT, CRYING  
FOR DEATH  
TO COME OUT  
AND PLAY.



HURTLING,  
DISEMBOWELING,  
DEATH ANSWERED  
THE THING'S  
CRY...



DISCOVERING  
THE ODD  
KEYS DESCRIBED  
BY OURYSME,  
...

CAIN OPENED  
THE GHOUL AS  
VOGELSANG'S  
GRIM MONOLITHS  
SEEMED TO  
LOOK ON...

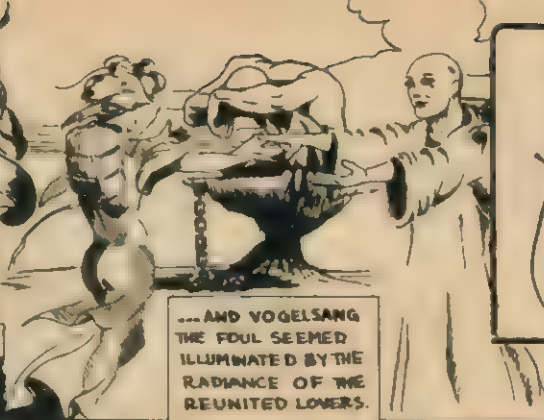


AT LAST...





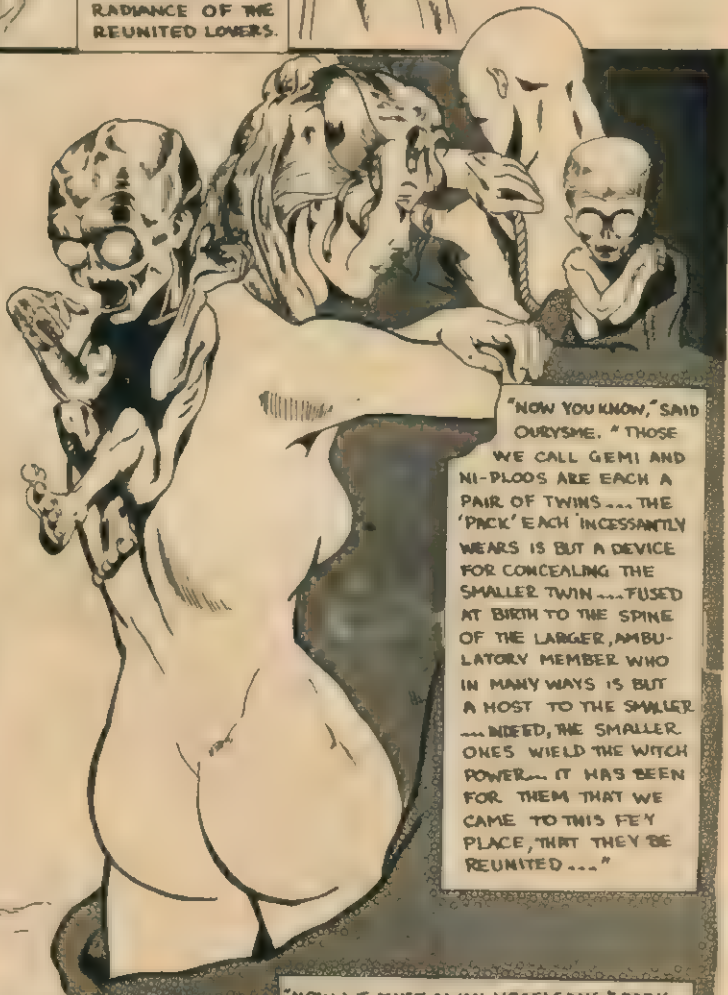
NI-PLOOS WAS FREE!



...AND VOGELSANG  
THE FOUL SEEMED  
ILLUMINATED BY THE  
RADIANCE OF THE  
REUNITED LOVERS.



THE WITCH-QUEST OF  
CAIN ENDS HERE,  
FRIEND... BUT NOT  
THE TALE THEREOF;  
FOR AS CAIN JOINED  
OURYSME HE WAS  
STUNNED BY WHAT HE  
WITNESSED... THE  
TWIN HAD DISROBED,  
REVEALING HIDEOUS  
**THINGS** THAT WRITHED,  
NAY, **GREW** UPON THEIR  
BACKS... THINGS JAB-  
BERING EXCITEDLY,  
EYES GLOWING WITH  
AWFUL INTELLIGENCE



"NOW YOU KNOW," SAID  
OURYSME. "THOSE  
WE CALL GEMI AND  
NI-PLOOS ARE EACH A  
PAIR OF TWINS... THE  
'PICK' EACH 'INCESSANTLY  
WEARS' IS BUT A DEVICE  
FOR CONCEALING THE  
SMALLER TWIN... FUSED  
AT BIRTH TO THE SPINE  
OF THE LARGER, AMBU-  
LATORY MEMBER WHO  
IN MANY WAYS IS BUT  
A HOST TO THE SMALLER  
... INDEED, THE SMALLER  
ONES WIELD THE WITCH  
POWER... IT HAS BEEN  
FOR THEM THAT WE  
CAME TO THIS FETTERED  
PLACE, THAT THEY BE  
REUNITED..."

"FOR UNITED, THESE TWINS FORM ANOTHER ENTITY, POTENT  
AND STEEPED IN WIERDS... GEMI AND NI-PLOOS FORM THE  
**GEMINI-PLUS.**"

"NOW WE MUST AWAY. VOGELSANG'S DARK  
LORDS KNOW WHAT HAS TRANSPIRED HERE.  
SOON THERE WILL BE AN AWFUL BATTLE"



"TWINS?" MUTTERED CAIN,  
"FAUGH! WITCHES!!"



HERE FRIEND, THE TALE ENDS



# THE CAPTAIN

© H&K VOGRIN 1967



LAND PIRATE  
MEN!







SIGHT ANY  
BIG GAME  
CAPTAIN?

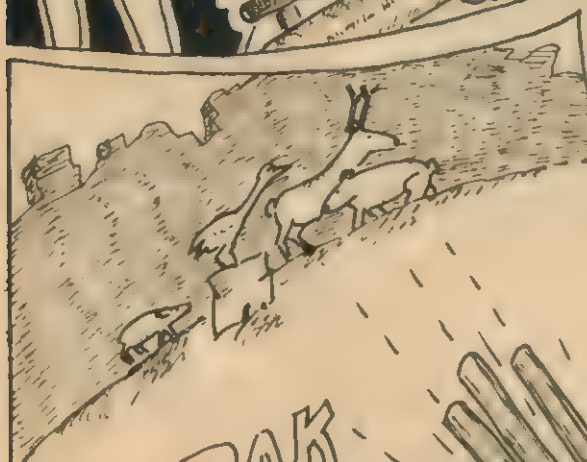
JOLLY  
GOOD,  
HYA  
HYA

A FEW  
MICE,  
A KANGAROO  
RAT.

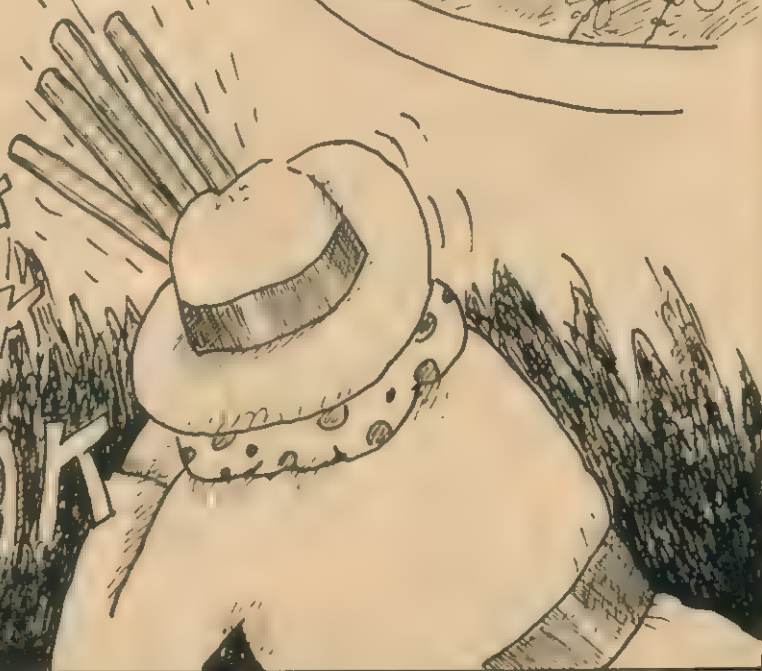
AH!



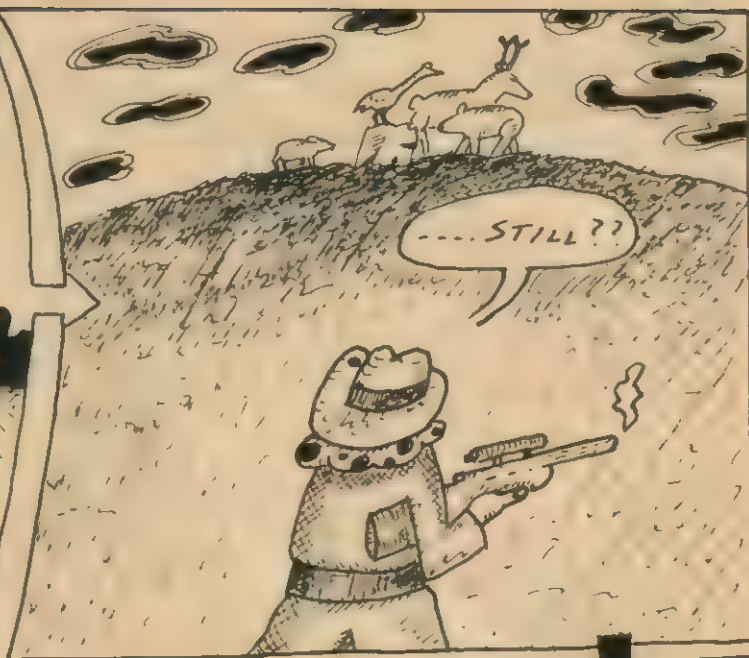
BULLY BEAUTIES  
CAPTAIN, BULLY BEAUTIES.



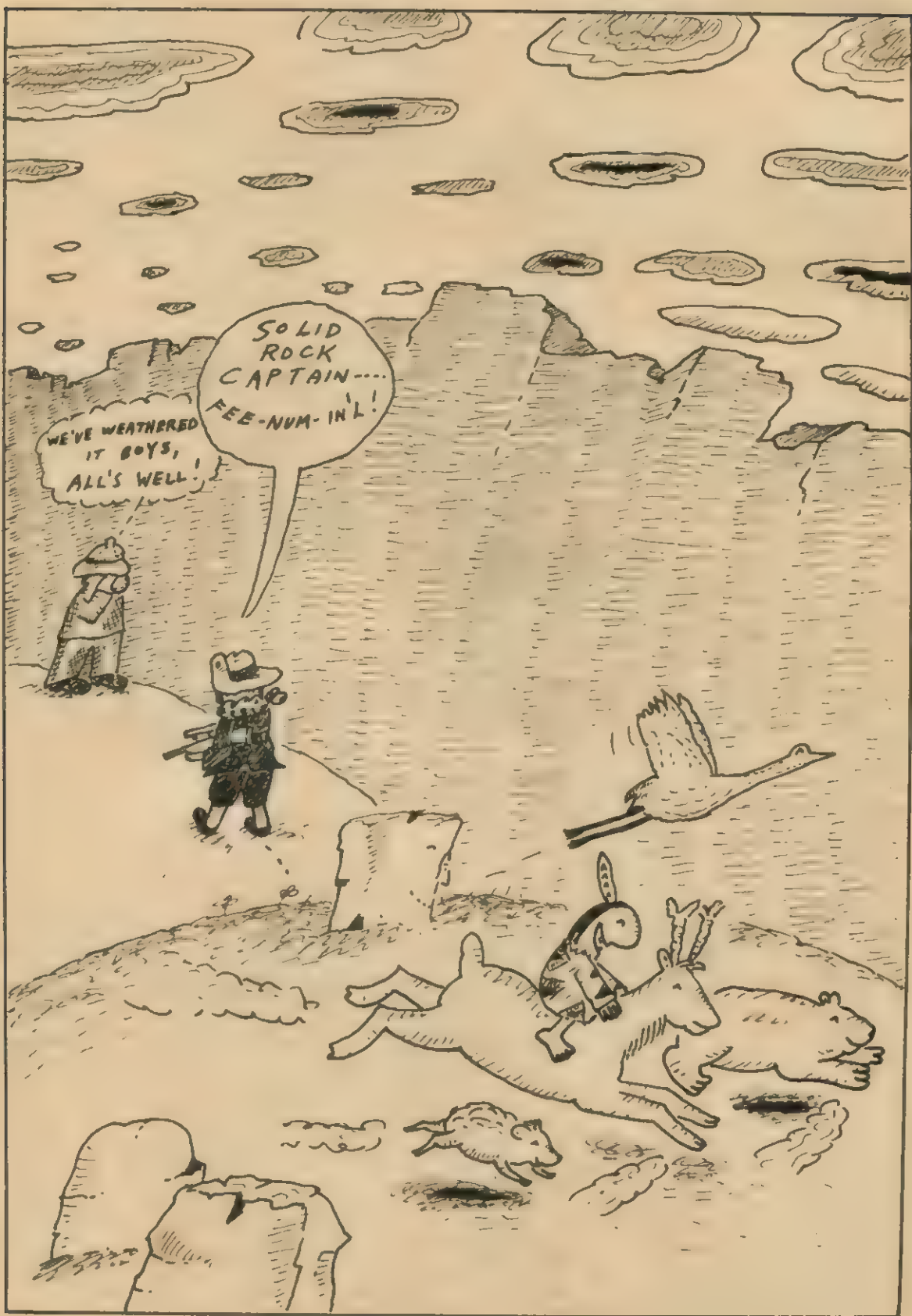
CRACK  
CRACK  
CRACK  
CRACK













HI FOLKS, ITS YOUR OLD BUDDY "HENRY PULATOR" INVITING YOU TO SIT BACK AND ENJOY ANOTHER SPACED-OUT DAY WITH...

**ERBE!**

RIGHT ON!

YES! HERE HE COMES. "ERBE THE YOUNGER." HE KNOWS HOW TO START A GOOD DAY

HOLY SHIT! THAT'S GOOD DOD!

BLAM!

OH FUCK! SAME OLD TRIP. NOthin' BUT VEGETABLES AND FLOWERS! I GOT TO GET OUTA HERE

YEH! THAT'S RIGHT! IT SURE GETS HIM RIGHT WHERE WE WANT TO GET HIM! BUT SEE FOR YOURSELVES, FOLKS!

WHAT THE FUCK???

LOOKS LIKE I Q.D'd

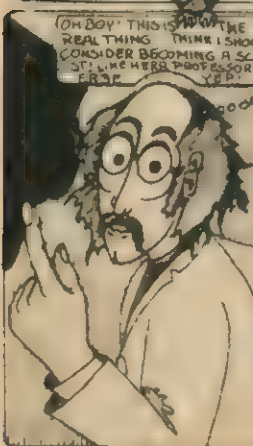
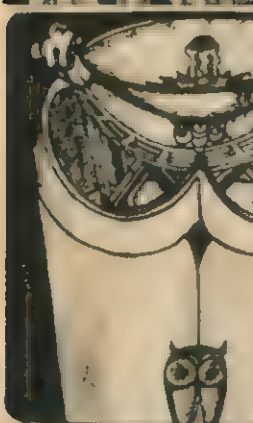
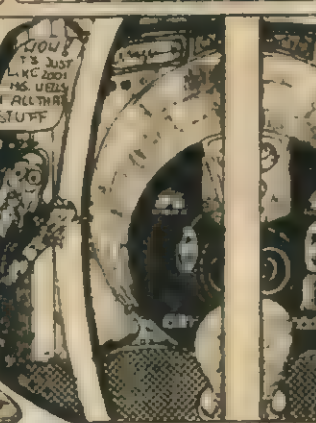
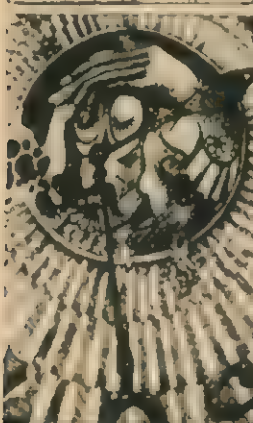
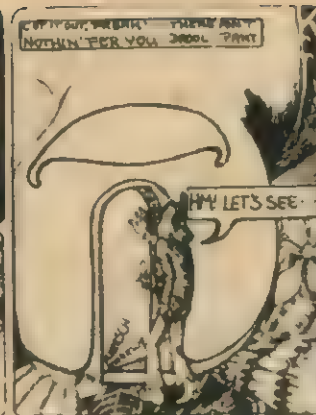
HEY MAN! ZATTA STAY WITH ME!

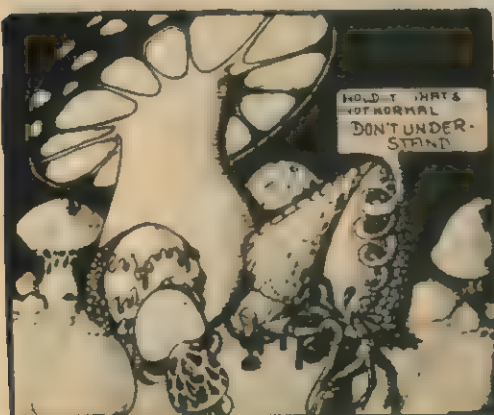
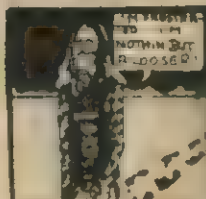
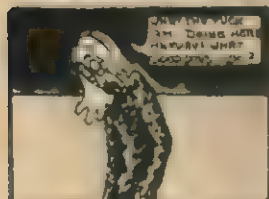
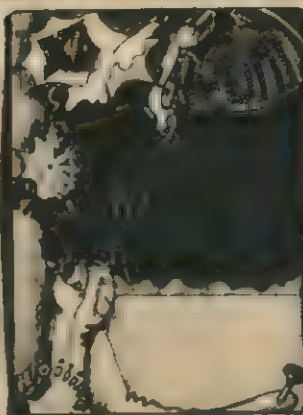
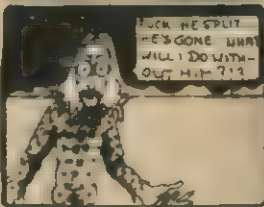
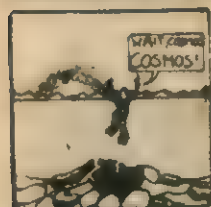
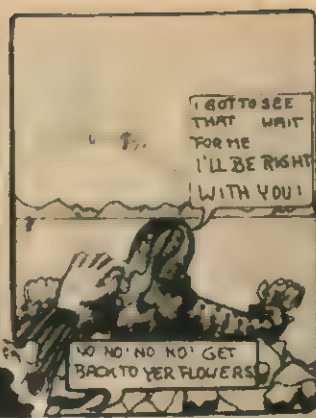
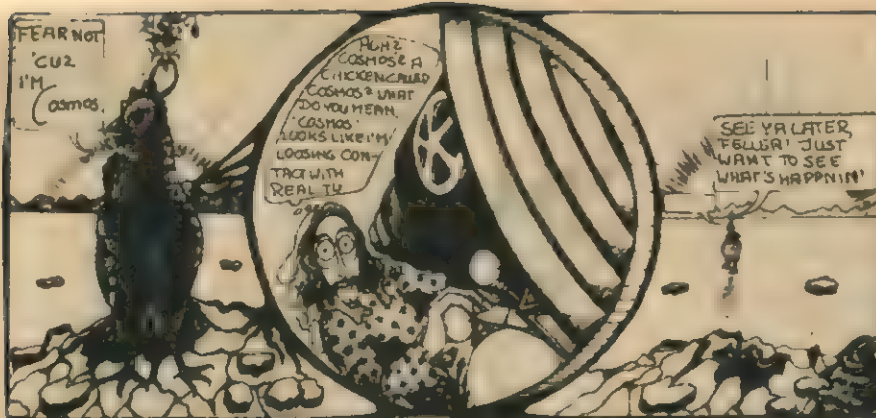
WELL, WARR! DO YOU KNOW I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A LOOK INSIDE SINCE THE DOOR IS OPEN

WEIRD

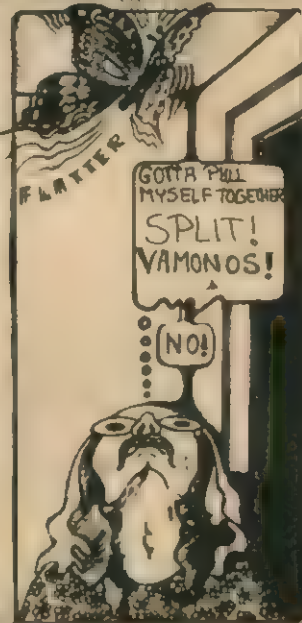
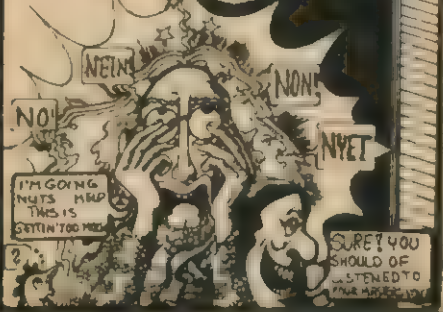
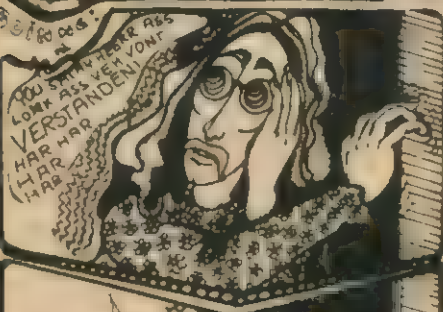
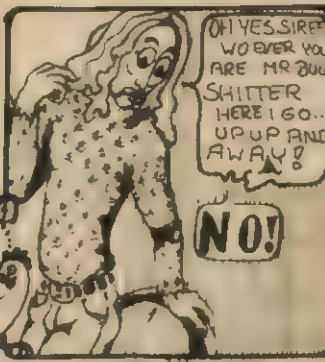
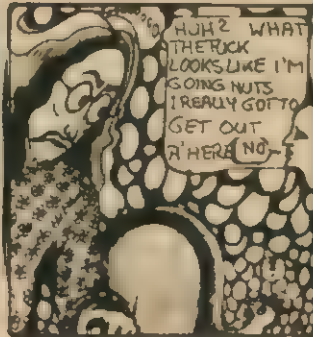
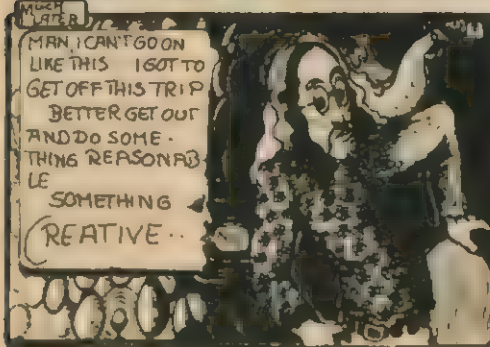
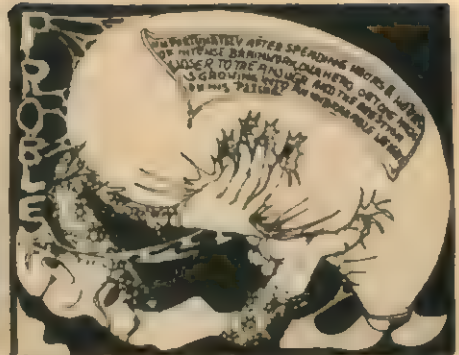
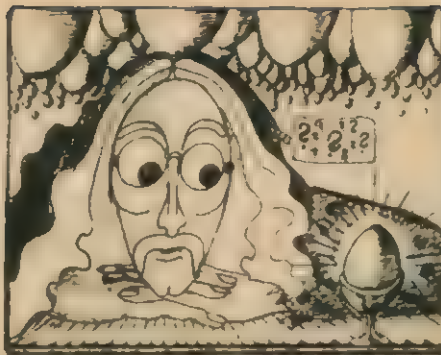
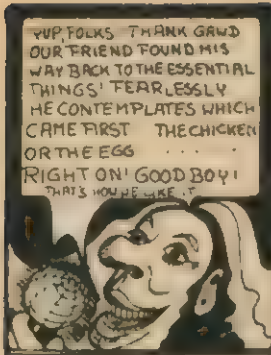
HOLY MOOFEK! WHAT A CUNT! DRDOL DRDOL

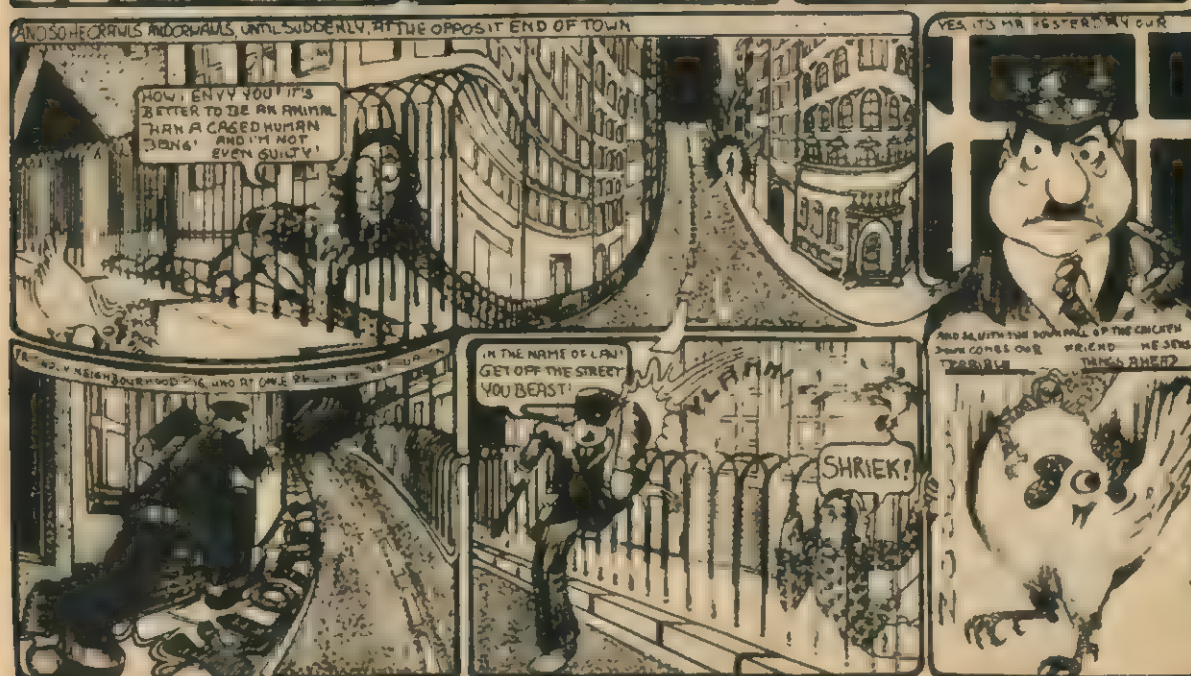




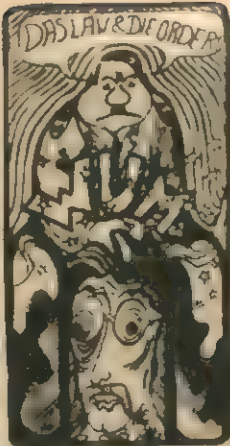






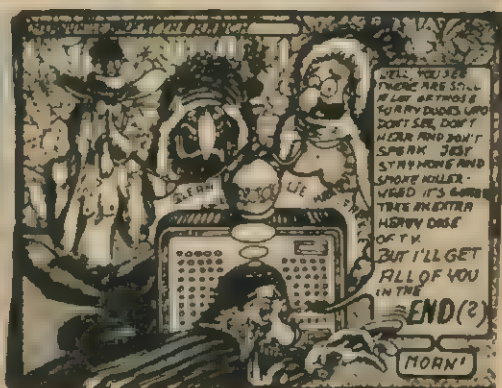
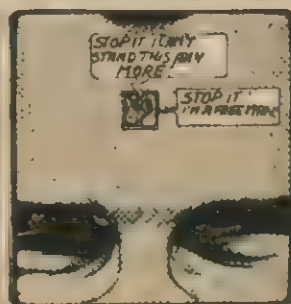
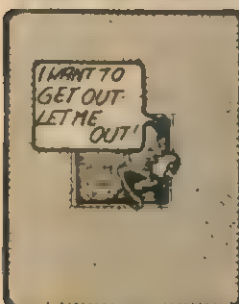
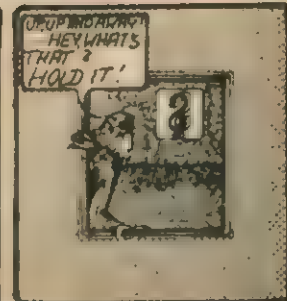
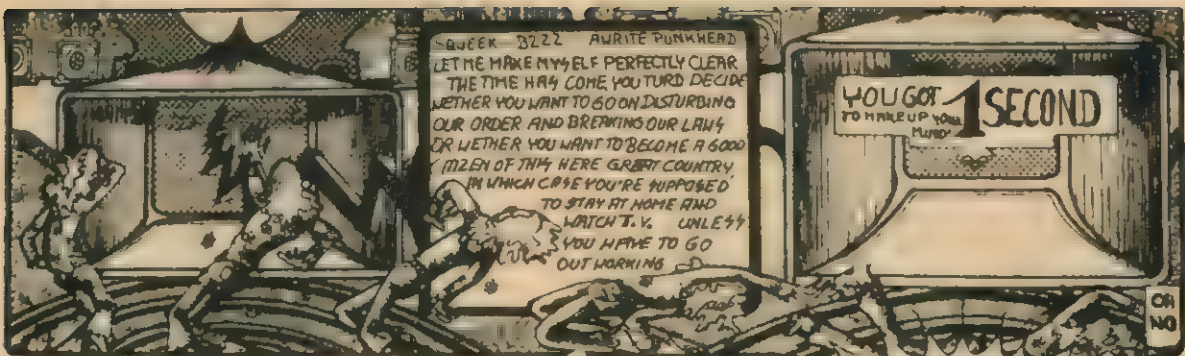












# MASTERBATION

LESS GIVING



HALLUCINATIONS & TURN...







FIRST EJACULATION...



INTENSE ERECTION.



HELLO



SURGE



FELLATIO



ONE HOUR LATER...



GIANTISM (TITAN-  
-ANTOS, TITAN +  
TH. ANOMALY  
IS CHARACTERIZED  
BY A STATURE GREAT  
ABOVE THE AVERAGE  
205 CM. IN WHITE  
POPULATION GROUPS  
THIS CONDITION OF  
HYPERPITUITARISM  
MAY BE SECONDARY  
TO GENITAL HYPOFUNCT  
BUT THIS, SHIT, IT'S  
REVLND. ANYTHING  
I'VE BEEN IN



MOST WRETCHED FANTASIES PRESENTS... **A STORY FOR INNOCENT BYSTANDERS**...

PEOPLE WHO UNWILLINGLY BECOME INVOLVED, WHO ARE THE VICTIMS OR ACCOMPLICES TO FORCES BEYOND THEIR CONTROL... TAKE THE CASE OF **JOE DE SOTO** (BELOW). JOE HAD BEEN ATTENDING A LOCAL TRADE SCHOOL UNTIL HE BECAME INVOLVED STRUGGLING WITH HIS INNER SELF... HE QUIT SCHOOL, DROPPED OUT AS THEY SAY, TO GO OUT INTO THE REAL WORLD TO FIND HIMSELF... HE HAS BEEN WORKING THESE LAST 3 YEARS AS A JANITOR ASSISTANT IN A DOWNTOWN BUILDING... "TODAY WILL BE LIKE ANY OTHER," JOE THINKS TO HIMSELF, BUT HE IS WRONG!



SEE FOR YOURSELF!

ONCE AGAIN WE FIND JOE GETTING ORDERS FROM HIS BOSS

I WANT YOU TO GO OUT TO THE ELEVATOR SHAFT AND GET THE ANKERS READY FOR THE NEW TENNANT... THEN GO OVER TO CRUIZ AND FINISTERP AND PICK UP 50 GALLONS A BRUDLE SHIT BROWN WALL PAINT AN WHEN YER DONE WITH THAT I WANT YA TA GET HER ASS BACK HERE AND KNEED UP TO THE 8TH FLOOR AN GO UP TO THE OFFICE RECEPTION AN I WANT YA TA REC...



JOE GOES TO WORK



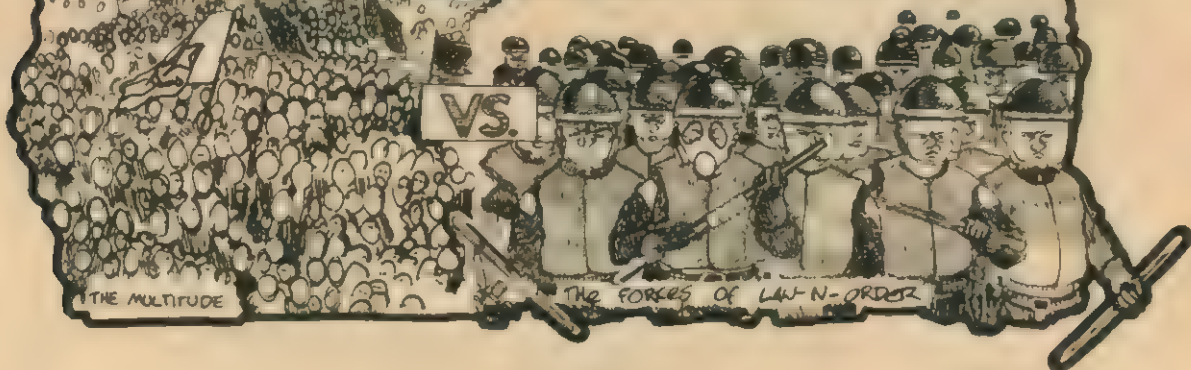
AFTER MANY HOURS OF MINDLESS LABOR...



JOE FINDS HIMSELF ASTRIDE A PAINTER'S SCAFFOLD ON THE  
8TH FLOOR, HIGH ABOVE MARKET STREET.



UNbeknown TO HIM..... DOWN BELOW A  
CONFRONTATION IS TAKING PLACE.....





THE TAC-SQUAD PREPARES TO MOVE !!!



JOE HAS BEEN WORKING ALL DAY .... AND WITH THE SWINGING OF THE SCAFFOLD; NOT TO MENTION HIS LUNCH; THE TENSION IS TOO MUCH

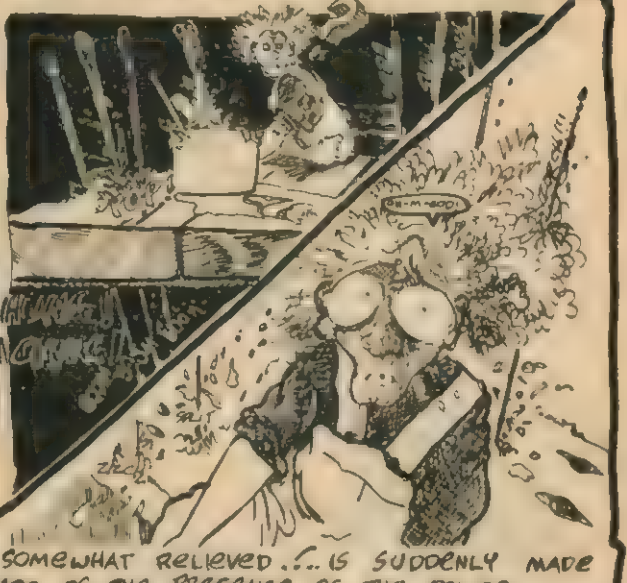


JOE GETS SICK.....

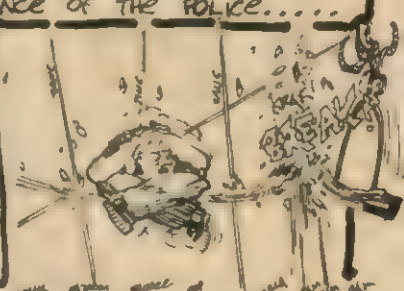
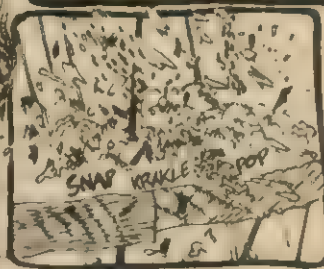
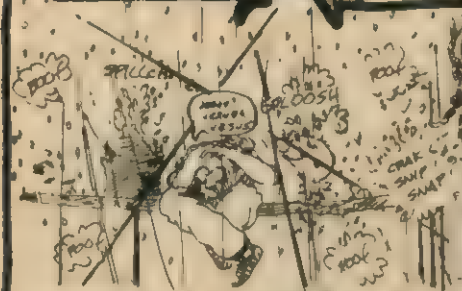
YUCK! YUCK! RETCH! RETCH! YUCK! UGH! UGH! UGH!



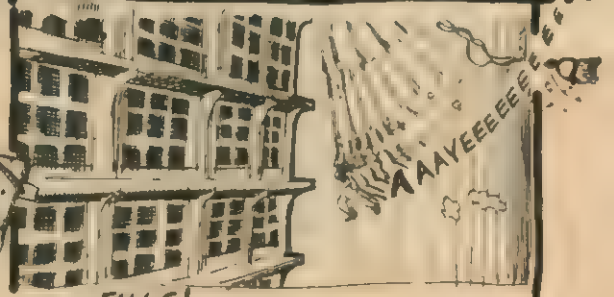
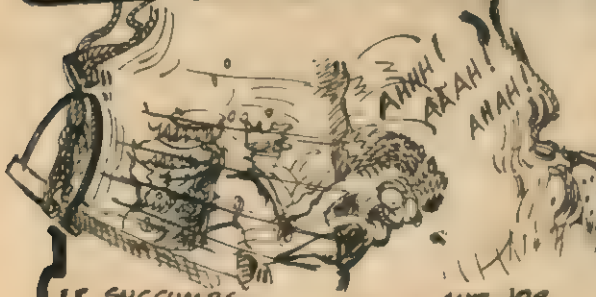
NOW ASSAULT IN ITSELF IS NO MEAN OFFENCE... BUT ASSAULTING AN OFFICER IS ONE OF THE MOST SERIOUS OF OFFENCES, WITH THE ENSUING RETALIATION BEING SWIFT AND MIGHTY.



Joe; somewhat relieved... IS SUDDENLY MADE AWARE OF THE PRESENCE OF THE POLICE.....



ALTHOUGH JOE IS UNHURT BY THE FIRE; THE SCAFFOLD SUFFERS MUCH ..... UNTIL ?.



IT SUCCOMBS..... AND JOE ..... FALLS!





THE POLICE ENTER THE BUILDING  
WITH ONE IDEA IN MIND



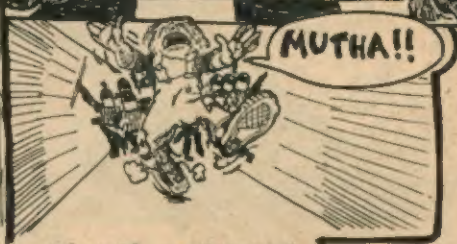
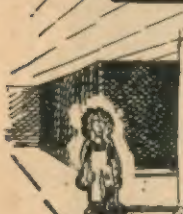
LAW AND ORDER  
FIRST!!!



JOE KEEPS MOVIN...



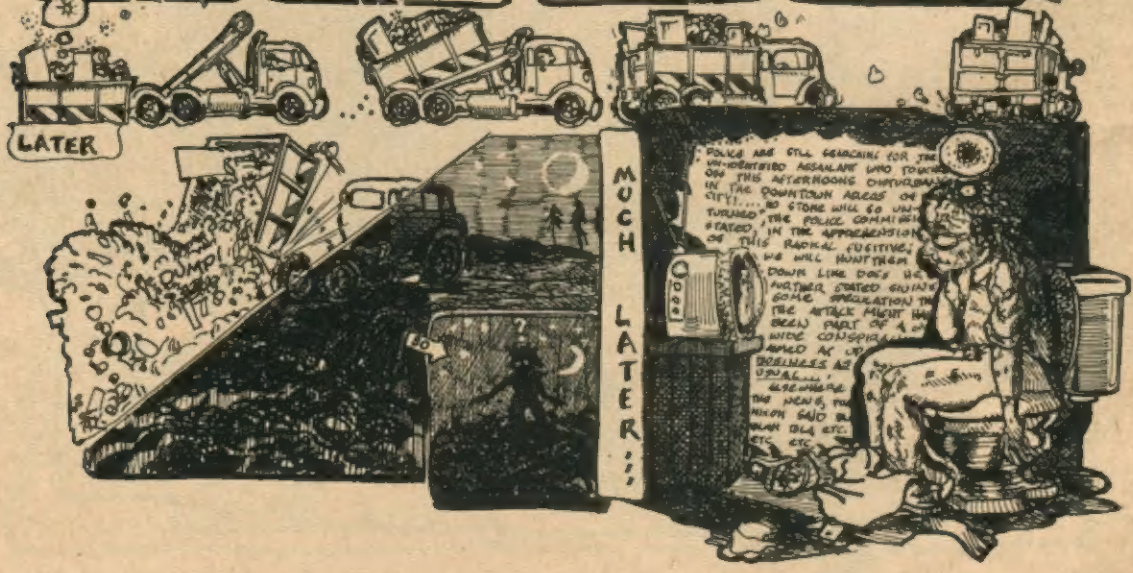
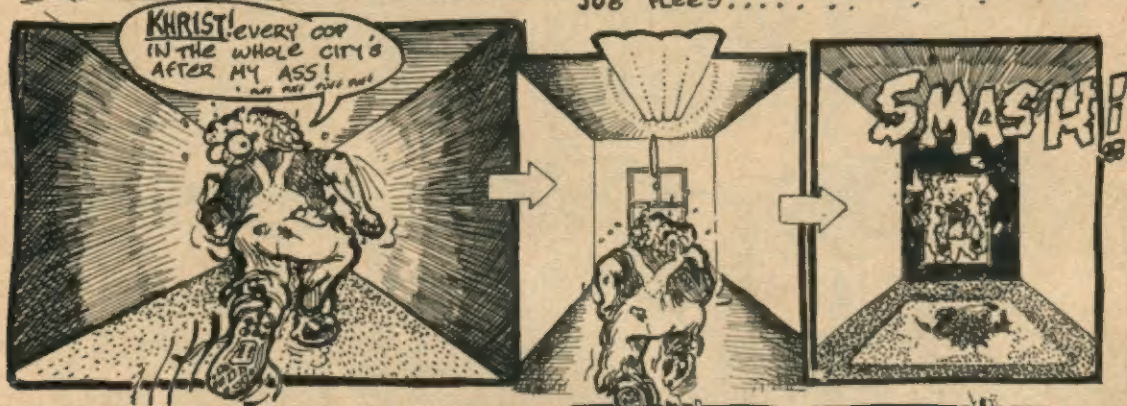
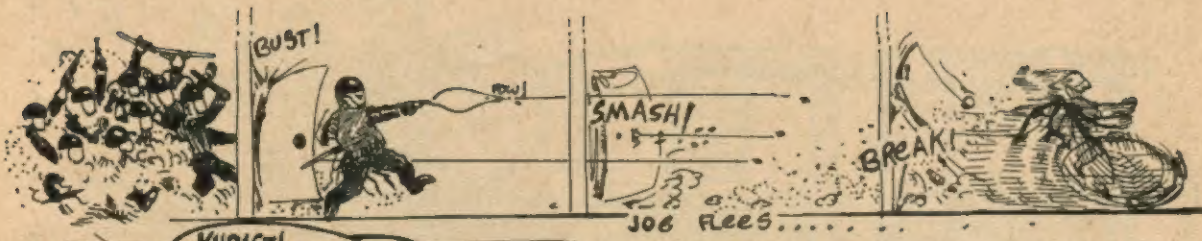
THERE HE IS!  
GET HIM!



MUTHA!!

JOE, CONSIDERS SURRENDER . . . BUT . . . DECIDES OTHERWISE.

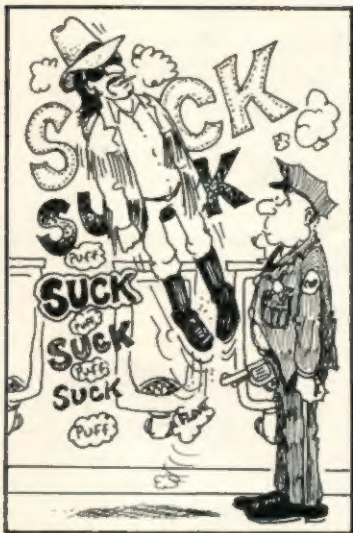
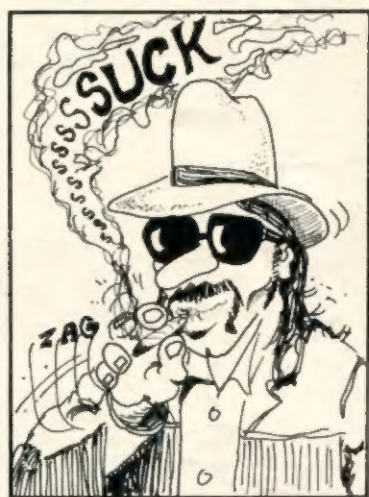






# TOILET TOONS NO. 173

THE RETURN OF  
THE CIRCUMCISED  
CATERPILLAR...



OMG  
paga



THERE'S  
IMMORAL  
IN HERE  
SOMEWHERE!



# OL' YALLER

## has kept himself

## ALIVE



## much longer than the rest of the pack!

O-HENRY

JUSTIN GREEN